The Innocent Bystanders' Club Discusses Weights

Lifting a Mortgage Often Is More of a Miracle Than a Feat, but There Are Still More Difficult Things to Raise

By ESDY YEMM.

"I SEE by the papers that Johnny Coulon, this American prizefighter, ha got all the wise birds over in Paris by the ears," remarked Hood Gubbings at the regular meeting of the Innocent Bystanders Club last night.

"I thought ear-holds was barred," said Tommy Fisher.

"He isn't boxing, you poor simp," replied Hood, "he's lying."

"What did he lie about?" asked Walter Jings. "Did he tell 'em Wilson was coming back?"

"Naw, naw!" said Hood, disgustedly, "don't you ever read the papers? This Coulon boy is a bantamweight, you understand, and weighs about half a pound less than nothing at all, and notwithstandin' that, when he says no, there ain't a strong man in all Paris that can lift him! And all the scientists in France have wore themselves out tryin' to figure where he gets this power. You can't do a thing with him when he lies on the stage. He's unique."

"I know a-plenty of actors that lie on the stage," said Tommy Fisher, doggedly. "And off of it."

"There ain't a soul in Paris that can lift him," repeated Hood. "All the strong frogs in town have tried it and sprained their back tryin'."

Suggest Giving New York Burglars Opportunity to Win New Distinction

"Friend of mine told me once he had a French valet that could lift anything that wasn't nailed to the floor of the apartment," said James McCann, "but maybe they've all been pinched. They had ought to let some of those New York burglars try it."

"The Mayor can't spare 'em," said Tommy, "and besides, you can't get to Paris on a crime wave."

"No, but you can get to somebody," remarked Hood, "if you don't mind paying for it. When it comes to protection, some of these burglars would make a high tariff look like a ditch."

"This Coulon baby, they tell me," interrupted H. Percival Moggs, "just puts his back flat on the floor——"

"Aw, those pugs are always laying down on their jobs," observed Mr. Fisher. "It's a wonder they waste money on shoes. They'd do well as mattress demonstrators, that's what they ought to work at."

"—and you can't raise him an inch," concluded Mr. Moggs admiringly.

"I raised a bird that weighed three hundred pounds, one time," said Walter Jings, with a rueful look, "and it cost me just eighty bucks. I was raisin' a full house."

"It don't get you anywhere, this lifting business," observed Harvey G. Maple, shaking his head wisely. "I knew a boob who lost all the coin his old man left him, just by lifting his finger. He used to lift it at bartenders. But that was in the old days, of course. You lift one now, and they bring you another order of bankruptcy."

"Whaddye suppose is the matter with these French strong men?" asked Mr. McCann. "I always thought a Frenchman could boost anything up."

"Oh, you're thinkin' about the hotel bills," explained Mr. Gubbings. "At that, even a hotel bill in Paris would be pretty hard to raise."

"A good deal of this lifting business is just a trick," contributed Mr. Moggs. "At least, that's what a fellow told me once. He said he could teach anybody how to lift a watch."

"Why, a watch isn't heavy!" said little Mr. Jings innocently.

"No, but his sentence was," replied Moggs.

"At that, maybe the French huskies think if they lift an American they'll be breakin' a blue law."

"No, *that* ain't it," said Tommy Fisher positively. "The French was never strong on this uplift stuff, *you* know that. That's the reason they won't lift him. They're too wise, those boys."

"Well," asserted Mr. Maple, "if Carpentier ain't any stronger than the rest of those French he won't lift anything offen Jack Dempsey next Fourth of July."

"You dropped a ton then," said Mr. Gubbings.

When O'Shaughnessy Was on the Force He Found the Little Ones Most Difficult

"When I was on the force," observed Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who had up to this point listened quietly to the discussion, "I had many an experience in liftin' men that didn't want to be lifted. It is my experience that the littler they come the harder they are to pry into the wagon. I well remember tryin' to lift a little gentleman that had laid down in the middle of the street one night I was on the beat. I had met up with this little bird earlier in th' evenin', when I looked in at the back door at Callahan's. He was arguin' with a friend of his then. 'Have one on me,' he says. 'I would,' says his friend, 'only it gives me th' rheumatism.' 'Well, have a coupla fingers of lumbago,' says th' little man, urgin' him. 'All right,' says his friend. So they has that one, an' then his friend comes back at him with an invitation to spear a coupla shots o' neuralgia; and they has 'em, with ginger ale on th' side; an' when I went out o' Callahan's they was drinkin' neuritis an' pleurisy, an' singin' at that.

"Well, when I meets up with this little genius again he's layin' in the middle of th' street, as I say, shot full of electricity up to his neck. At least, that's what he says. 'Off'cer,' he says, 'behold human magnet! Full of 'lectric'ty, irr'sist'bly 'tracted to earth. Pull me up, can't be done!'

"By gollies, I think he was right at that. Ye couldn't lift him on a bet. I give it up. They say that spirits has got nothin' to do with Johnny Coulon's trick, but I'll say they had a-plenty to do with that little guy. Leave 'em lay, that's my motto."

"Well, anyway, why do they pick on Johnny Coulon," asked Walter Jings, "when he weighs only a hundred or so? Why don't they try Bill Taft?"

"Why don't they try Bill Bryan?" retorted Mr. Gubbings. "Is he flat on his back or isn't he, I ask you?"

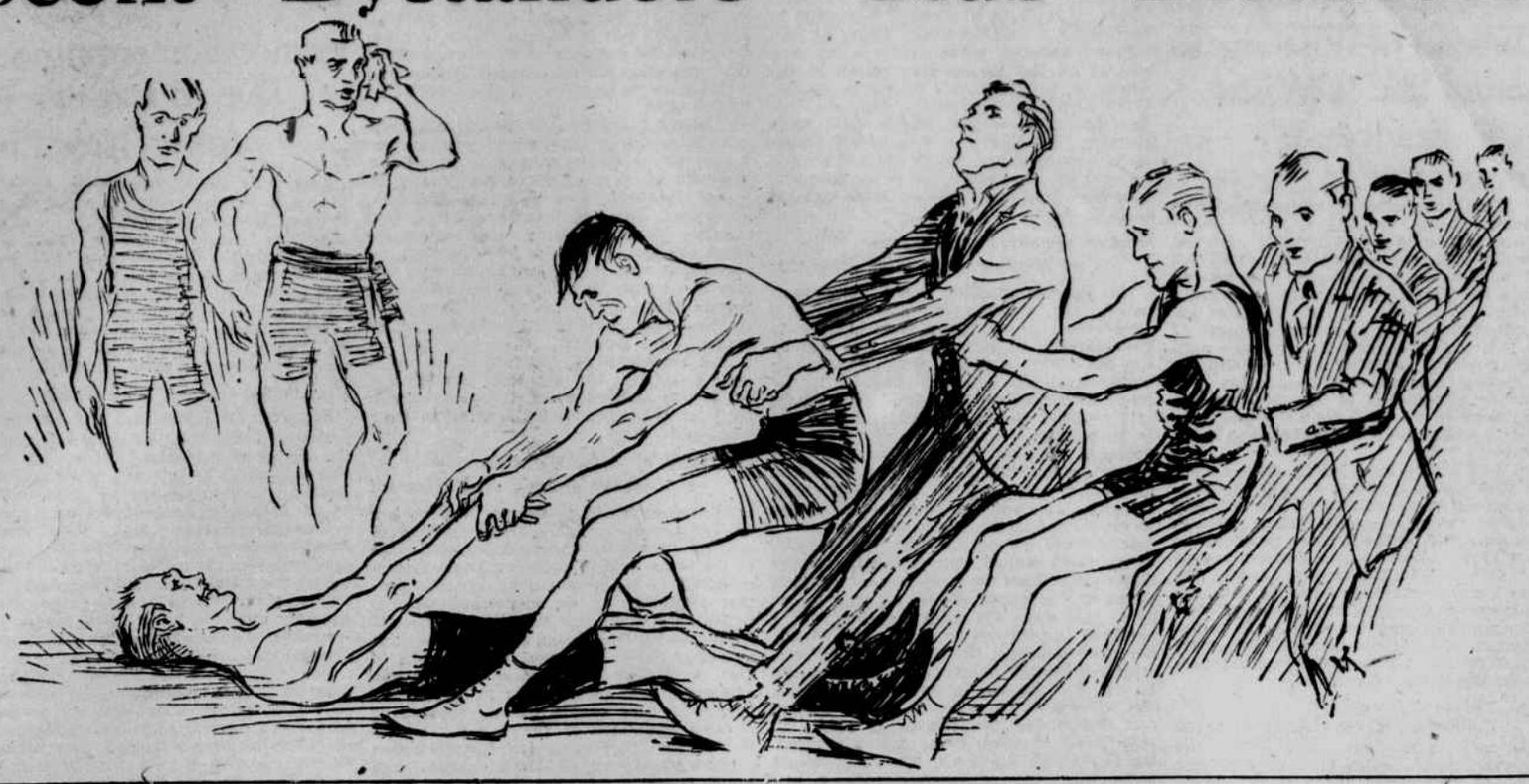
"There's this Eye-talian pote over in Feejoomy," observed Mr. Moggs, "by the name of D. Nunzo—he's pritty good at that Coulon trick himself. They been tryin' t' lift him outa Fee-yoomy for the last two years, and it takes th' whole Eye-talian navy to blow him out."

"Well, after you get one of them potes, what good does it do you?" asked Tommy Fisher. "They're just a deficit, on the floor or off."

"If my old man was alive," said Mr. Gubbings, "and I'm telling you he was the strongest man in Connecticut in his time, he could lift this Coulon easy."

"What did your old man ever lift?" asked Walter Jings.

"He lifted the mortgage on the farm," said Hood.



"There ain't a strong man in Paris that can lift him. And all the scientists in France have wore themselves out tryin' to figure where he gets this power. You can't do a thing with him when he lies on the stage. He's unique."

"That ain't a feat, that's a miracle," said Mr. McCann.

"I made a mistake last night," confessed Mr. Fisher. "I tells the wife about this Coulon boy and what a swell resister is he. There ain't no man can budge him, I says to her. I wish you would get that way once in a while, she says, when somebody asks you will you have a drink. It wouldn't hurt you none if *you* was seized that way when you're passing a bargain sale, I says. Not that you ever passed one, I says. Is that so, she says, what do I ever buy? Well, I says, it ain't right for you to take up so much room in the aisles, I says. They'll take you for Mary Pickford, blockin' the aisles, I says. Well, theys plenty that thinks I'm pretty, she says, even if you don't. Who? I asks her. That had her stopped. But I was nervous for a while, at that. I hatta square myself by leavin' the roll with her."

"Shucks!" said Harvey Maple, "that's nothing! Can any of you fellows ever get the wife to admit just once that you can buy yourself a suit of clothes without her goin' along? It'll be news to me if you do. Don't ever get it by yourself, even if she gives you a chance, I'm telling you. She gets her fun out of it, if you do. She'll tell you how funny you look in it, from now till next Christmas. I'm goin' on home now, but I'm tellin' you I'm afraid to. She'll have another bunch o' smart quips thought up by this time. Well, g'night, boys."

The remaining members of the Innocent Bystanders Club looked thoughtful. "I know how that Johnny Coulon keeps his feet on the ground," said Walter Jings after some moments of general silence. "He's married, I bet a hat."

Six Snapshots in Bohemia.

By SAMUEL M'COY.

I.—ALLEY CAT.

WHO was your father, mangy, scarred and bitten,
And who your mother and just what her whims,
How you grew up from being a sick kitten
To your wild gracefulness of draggled limbs
God only knows: and His are not the gutters.
You dodge beer bottles and find herring bones
In random alleys where the arc light sputters,
And sleep, untroubled by your neighbor's groans.
Distrustful, knowing, wholly self-reliant.
With a swift claw for over-friendly friends.
You'll die as you have lived, gay and defiant,
And grace the ashcan where the house cat ends.
I'd give you milk, but you would doubt the platter,
And who can blame you? *Something* was the matter!

II.—CREATOR.

FAT stomached, lazy bodied, heavy jowled,
Where do you *get* that tireless flood of life?
What lights that twinkle in your keen black eyes?
What keeps you stewing for the one right note
Night long—to get it just at dawn, when milkmen
Pass the tall window where your light burns pale?
What keeps you happy as a boy in mischief?
Perhaps you're *not* one man, but fifty million:
Time's all *you* need, to show the applauding groundlings
That you indeed are fecund as their joint assembly.
You are Proteus? Surely! But your bed-time comes, some day!

III.—CLINICIAN, OLD STYLE.

WHO daily sees most pain? Cool, white clad Nurse,
Who, all day long, sees pain at its high flood
Among the beds where gray lips sob or curse?
Or is it Surgeon, who frees spurting blood?
Or is it Ambulance Orderly, young and cynical,
Clanging full speed to "spot where victim fell
"Marked by the ✠"? For *he* sees much that's clinical.
Or is it Charity Worker, probing with hard fingers
In the 'Steenth Ward (a local name for hell)
Where babies go like flies and laughter lingers?

No, my Bartender! You're the one I'd vote for
As Pain's most friendly witness; at your bar
You see what none else sees. What's your white coat for,
Except to show you uniformed as surgeons are?
Unending is the gay procession, drinking
(Each one of them) to dull some memory
Or hush that inward voice that sets one thinking
That he is not the man he meant to be.
Men don't drink to forget? Well, there's To-morrow,
And Yesterday went by with its own flaw.
Dante had nothing on you: he *saw* sorrow.
But was not paid to laugh at what he saw.

IV.—ARTIST.

DAISY, *you* studied art when you were younger,
And paint a little, still: tell me, now we're alone,
What's your idea of art? Your husband say—
His portraits of rich women are the vogue—
What's your real thought of his bright, impudent brush?
You two dine out incessantly, to snare him sitters,
And there's much drink and flirting every night:
What's art? The canvas, or the game you play?
Or something neither he nor you have felt?
'Twas simpler, wasn't it, in the Antique?

V.—STEVEDORE.

WHAT'S civilization for, if not for brains?
And you, although you may spell out a page,
Live only by a back that stands the strains
Put on it daily. Grudged concession of the age
To a demand for muscles where machines can't go.
We sleek ones need not laugh at your slow wit—
There's just one person who is truly fit
To judge of your necessity: that's the slow
And tired black who waits your shuffling feet
At nightfall; hears your story of the day,
An amazing *animal* story; gives you meat
And tells you of the children. Sleep, gross clay!

VI.—CARICATURIST.

YOU'VE not achieved one so-called "masterpiece"—
So, all day long, you're burning like a furnace
To do some "big" thing. . . . Yes, you think you've failed.
. . . To-day, your satire made a multitude guffaw;
To-morrow, at your showing up of Wrong,
They'll rise and tear an idol from his throne;
You drew a woman (yesterday, I think)
In the dumb sorrow of her tenement home,
And people rushed to give to such as her. . . .
What does this mean to *you*? Just bread for to-day?
And can't you wait for laurel till to-morrow?

Famed French Chefs Bow to Boy Cook

Apprentice Overshadows Other Recent Triumphs by Inventing New Sauce, One of Few Conceived in Century

By STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, Dec. 21, 1920.

IN these high Paris restaurants, when a dish is perfect, they say that it is worthy of this or that personage. Perfect snails are worthy of De Dion; a perfect Chateaubriand steak is worthy of Anatole France; a perfect foie-gras in pie-crust is worthy of Marshal Foch, and a perfect Rouen duck is worthy of Senator Gaston Menier. There is a race of gourmets still alive in Paris.

But you cannot invent a new sauce, even for new rich gourmets. Scarcely four new sauces are invented per century. And now it has been done.

Jean Souplet, French boy cook, apprentice, who won second prize from the chefs of Rome, desired to exhibit in Paris his masterpiece—the Fatted Pullet Montreuil. (These chefs have their own annual salon, like the painters.) Although a member of the association he was forbidden to exhibit, not by his chef but by his employer, proprietor of one of those small expensive restaurants.

Any one of twenty illustrious gourmets, from the Comtesse de Noailles and Cecile Sorel to the Grand Duke Paul and Nobel of the Prizes, would have taken up the gifted youth's defence had they known his predicament—which they didn't, nor could have. But three other very different personages, hedged with the divinity of kings, stood by the French boy cook. Cedard, chef of the kitchens of King George, de Amici of the Quirinal, and Lavocat, with the Duke of Orleans, up for the Salon, went with Barre, the Edmond de Rothschild chef, ate lunch at the restaurant, paid a big bill, and asked for the boss.

They told their titles. He was overwhelmed. "How can I serve you?" he asked gayly. "Permit Jean Souplet to exhibit the Fatted Pullet Montreuil," they answered.

Fatted Pullet Montreuil Latest Gastronomic Sensation

The thing has been a sensation since. The cutlets of breast meat (from another pullet), each dabbed with its round of truffle, were coated with layers of a new thick sauce paste, was the novelty. The boy had invented a new sauce—and there are not three new ones in a century!

It is thick, cream colored, in the nature of a mayonnaise; but the severest judges, tasting it again and again, were quite of accord—it is completely new, with a perfume due probably to a puree of nuts, not almonds. Great cooks and millionaires speak of the boy, Jean Souplet, as painters and patrons would speak of a new Raphael. They made him second in the gourmandizing Cercle Agricole—the greatest club, that of the landed proprietors—on condition that he keep his secret for them during four years. Yet "the new sauce" figures in many restaurants.

New dishes are more frequent. Chicken filets Rigolboches is the "creation" of M. Caressa, a friend of Joseph Gaillet of the *Temps* newspaper, himself a gourmet and of whom the Hot Duck Pie a la Royale when it is perfect is said to be "worthy." They are great on hot pie crust for meat dishes, since the war. The filets Rigolboches, of the white meat only, are served with slices of foie-gras in a sauce of paprika and mushroom puree, along with red and green peppers, the whole piping hot in melting pie crust.

Caressa has given his dish to that extraordinary little restaurant always crowded with illustrious gourmets, from Aga Khan and the Duc d'Oldenbourg to Marthe Regnier and Mistinguette—the establishment of Prosper Montagne, who styles himself old fashioned and modest "traiteur."

Half the doughboys who were in Paris will remember the spot—although they would rub their eyes at the miraculous change! Do they remember the Red Cross Sales Commissariat at the corner of the rue de l'Echelle around behind the Regina? To-day it is in dark colors, blue predominating, with heavy furniture, dancing lights from a visible kitchen, and heavy all-silver cooking utensils—a single saucepan from 300 to 1,100 francs. Nobody would recognize the wilfully old fashioned "kitchen parlor."

Prosper Montagne is an extraordinary man, who came into view with the war. He was at the Maison de la Presse; worked on the *Bulletin des Armees;* organized the Manuel du Cuistot—army cook book; and toward the end was sent on a Government mission to the American packing houses. A kind of Louis Forest, who is also a professional cook. Forest comes there to eat the piece of beef braised twelve hours in red wine.

There are lots of men who cannot work on wine at lunch, but these Frenchmen seem to find no difficulty. Grand old Anatole France, at 77, still survives it grandly. Since his recent happy marriage he has been twice up in Paris, taking in the gastronomic novelties, from the old established Lapeyreuse, Lucas and Voisin to newer places like the Griffon, Tabary's or Beauge's. But chiefly the rich juices of the great French steak, the Chateaubriand, renew his blood globules and sustain his brain cells. Eighty years ago the restaurant chef Champeaux invented it for Chateaubriand himself—thick steak of filet grilled between two thinner slices of rump steak. The latter yield their gravy to the filet and give it a tenderness obtained in no other way. Only the filet is served, after being passed quickly over a very bright fire to singe its outer surface. Exactly how they do all this remains a French cooks' secret.

The fried potatoes that go with the Chateaubriand have been a tourist mystery all my life in Paris. They say that Rochefort, the great French editor and politician, invented them in his London exile and brought them back to France—"well worth his ransom!" They come in big slices, as we slice sweet potatoes in America, but each slice is swelled like a balloon—light, airy, tender.

Hot air, yes; but how do they get the hot air into the slice of fried potato? I have seen intelligent housewives receive with painful attention the information that each slice is "blown up," or "inflated," with a silver pointed bellows, but the inflation is really brought about by the process of cooking. The system is as follows:

(1) The potato slices are half cooked in moderately hot lard over a slow fire; (2) then dried and allowed to cool off a trifle; and (3) finally jumped brusquely into sizzling redhot lard, where they swell and swell and swell!

It is quite possible that Boni de Castellane invented the potato that bore his name before patriotism renamed it the potato Berthelot. It is a moderate sized baked potato in its jacket. They cut out its centre until it is something of a shell, but with some good plain potato still around its inside; and into the hole is stuffed a farce of crayfish, mashed yolks and hashed whites of hard boiled eggs and cream and seasoning. Then the hole is closed, and the potato put back into the oven, to serve as a surprise.

But Gen. Berthelot really invents dishes. Recently, it is said that he gave the world that piquant dish of quails "poached" in a saucepan (completely cooked at slow ebullition), together with a good quantity of not quite ripe Muscatel grapes. Ah, me! If you don't believe it, try it! They say that the General revived it from a recipe of Imperial Rome!

You know that they eat snails?

Of course, the snails are previously "purged" by fasting and prayer, and become much cleaner than oysters. It is the snail of the French wine districts; and the Marquis de Dion has long been its most consummate connoisseur. He prefers the little gray Bordeaux variety. Although the big Burgundians are more highly flavored, tenderness in snails is a grand quality—"there is always flavor enough!" The Marquis equally investigated the Champagne snail, delicate and clean feeding beast, tender, but lacking in body. And, now, here is the last secret word of it (which restaurant proprietors hide from you). To enjoy all the elusive perfume of red Burgundy wine (which does not go well with oysters) you must eat the Bordeaux snail for tenderness, fraudulently introduced into the big Burgundy shell for illusion and the sauce! When neatly polished, the shells look like the yellow vine leaves, crumpled, on which the poetic little creature feeds exclusively.

Jean Souplet, the boy who invented the new sauce, appears at the extreme right in the picture. In the centre is Lavocat, "the cook of the King of France," who persuaded Jean's employer to permit the lad to exhibit his masterpiece.

PHOTO © BY STERLING HEILIG

Exhibit in Paris Recalls Historic Dishes as Well as Modern Ones and Discloses Secret of Cooking Champagne Snails

The Way to Cook Snails Divulged by a Great Chef

"Boil your snails ten minutes," says Lucien, who has quit the Ritz to set up for himself. "Take them from their shells and let them stand in a dish of salt water. Drain again. Into a saucepan put five quarts of water, three of white wine, with salt, pepper, bay leaves, thyme, onions, carrots and garlic. Cook slowly two hours, and then (here is a secret!) let them lie to perfect themselves in their cooking juice for twenty-four hours."

The snails are put back into their shells with a simple stuffing of butter, chopped shallots, garlic, pepper and parsley. Or they may be breaded, spitted and grilled with maitre d'hotel sauce. So does President Millerand love them. "If you like Burgundy and do not like snails," says the poet Montesquiou-Fezensac, "it is because you do not love either!"

This is gourmandizing, not gluttony; but what would you think of an elegant Parisian (of Turk, Tartar or Persian ancestry) who serves his guests woodcock and ortolans and every delicacy from hot hors d'oeuvres to Belgian hothouse peaches, but slips off by himself for a single terrible dish of sheep's head? It is not Aga Khan, nor is it the Grand Duke Paul.

"One person, one sheep's head!" is the glutton's motto. Stuffed with barbarous stuffing, in which mingle sunflower seeds and dried raspberries, the head is baked for hours; and the next worst thing to eating it is to see it eaten. King Milan, who had Tartar ancestry, taught Paris chefs to make the concoction; and it has been handed down in continual secret demand, even by Hungarian magnates, before the war. It is atavism. Seven centuries ago, in the shade of their tents, their forefathers thrust the hand into the bake pot and grabbed the same prize morsels, here an ear tip, there an eye, all good! They call it sheep's head Boris.

French Restaurants Name Dishes In Honor of Their Best Customers

Few great Paris restaurants are able to completely resist this naming of dishes after specially good customers. The Hennessy whiting, for example, is a Paillard dish. The delicate fish lies on a bed of breaded mashed potatoes, being stuffed with oysters, shrimps and sliced truffles. And the Melba peach—it was originally invented at Paillard's thirty years ago, to please that monumental old gourmet Prince Galitzine. Then they stuck the peach full of almonds. They took the almonds out and called it for the Grand Duke Alexis. And then, years passing, they added some ice cream and named it the peach Melba!

Prosper Montagne says limit this sort of things to the names of artistes, saints and heroes. His new filet of sole is called descriptively Ligurian—which is highbrow for the Riviera, particularly in its eastern reaches—with young squash, tomato and curry sauce, gratinee.